

THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, January 11, 1919.

SURPRISES IN THE PREMIER'S NEW MINISTRY

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

RHINE RISES AGAINST EX-KAISER'S HOUSE OF REFUGE



Bringing in a boatload of refugees from flooded farms near Amerongen.

As if to emphasize the tragic isolation in which the unhappy ex-Kaiser finds himself, the house in Holland in which he has taken refuge is now cut off from the rest of the



The castle of Amerongen, in which the ex-Kaiser is staying, surrounded by the waters of the Rhine. world by far-spreading floods—and it is the Rhine of all rivers which has thus risen against the fallen war lord of the Huns. (Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

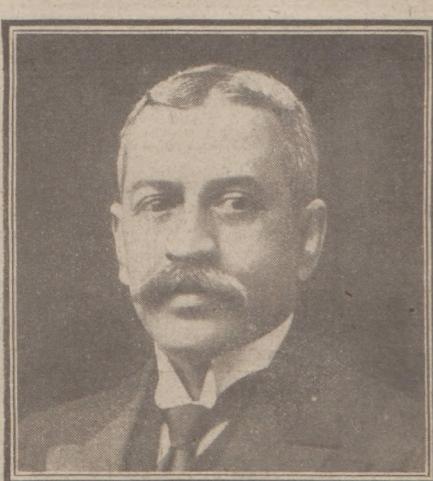
THREE INTERESTING PERSONALITIES IN MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S NEW MINISTRY—IMPORTANT POST FOR INDIAN PRINCE



Rt. Hon. Sir F. E. Smith, who was Attorney-General, becomes Lord Chancellor.



Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, who becomes the new Secretary for War and Air Ministry.



Rt. Hon. Sir S. P. Sinha, M.P., who becomes Under-Secretary of State for India.

Yesterday evening the expected list of members to the new Government was announced. Above are some of the most interesting appointments.

HISTORIC JOURNEY FOR PEACE.

Prime Minister Leaves for Paris To-day.

PRELIMINARY TALKS.

The Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law, accompanied by the Prime Ministers of Canada, Australia, South Africa and Newfoundland, and the Maharajah of Bikaner, leave for Paris to-day for preliminary conversations with the Heads of the Allies and Associated States. Lord Reading left London for Paris yesterday.

It is officially stated that there is no truth in the rumour of any postponement of the opening of Parliament, which will be on Tuesday, February 4, as already announced.

Mr. Bonar Law and a large party of British representatives for Paris will leave Charing Cross by special train at 10.35 a.m. to day on their way to Folkestone and Paris.

Mr. Lloyd George will join his colleagues at Folkestone.

"WINNING THE PEACE."

Lord Curzon and League of English Speaking Countries.

An important speech on the winning of the peace was made yesterday by Lord Curzon at the Union Club, Savoy, to Mr. J. W. Davis, the new United States Ambassador.

His main points were—

The peoples of America and England governed or administered something like 500 million



Mr. G. H. Roberts.



Mr. A. Chamberlain.

THE HAND OF PITY.

Romantic Old Bailey Story of Benefactor's Offer to a Girl.

£500 GIFT; £1,500 INVESTMENT.

A romantic story of a man's efforts to save a girl from the downward path by promises of financial help was unfolded at the Old Bailey yesterday.

In the dock stood Richard Brown, forty-three, a dealer, who, having been found guilty of living on the earnings of Ada Jones and demanding money by menaces from her, was sentenced to penal servitude for five years.

"Flogging is the proper punishment for you, and it is what you would have had but for your health," said Mr. Justice Darling.

Mr. Cecil Whiteley, prosecuting, said that when Jones refused him money he knocked her down.

Counsel added that a man named Harvey met Jones and, expressing his sorrow for her, gave her money. About a year ago Harvey went to America and told Jones that if she kept straight he would provide £2 a month, and if she married a decent fellow he would give her £500 to start her life.

Whilst Harvey was making these proposals his prisoner was hiding near by and heard Harvey's offer.

Since then prisoner had extorted money from Jones which she had earned at his instigation.

On November 11 prisoner said to her: "Give me money or I will expose you. I expect you when you get £500 from Harvey to play the game with me again."

Jones said that about a fortnight ago she received an intimation that Harvey had invested £1,500 for her.

LONDON STEAMER MINED.

Twelve Lives Lost, Two Saved—Fate of Remainder Unknown.

The steamer Northumbria, of London, struck two mines off Middlesbrough on Thursday and sank.

Fourteen of the crew got clear away in the boat, but were driven ashore by a strong wind, but subsequently a ship's lifeboat was found washed up on the Newton beach with two men alive in it and three dead.

Nine dead bodies were picked up on the beach. Nothing is known of the remainder of the crew, which numbered between fifty and sixty hands.

Five Safe, One Drowned.—Five men of the crew of the schooner Fleetwing, Wexford to Newport, were blown ashore at Carnarvon and landed safely. A sixth man is reported drowned.

FAMOUS ACTOR ILL.

Sir Charles Wyndham Suffering from Severe Influenza Attack.

Sir Charles Wyndham, the famous actor, is lying seriously ill with influenza at his house in Regent's Park.

Inquiries made yesterday by *The Daily Mirror* elicited the information that his condition was causing considerable anxiety to Lady Wyndham.

Sir Charles Wyndham is in his eighty-second year.

BRAZIL'S NAVY TO VISIT BRITAIN.

A Brazilian naval force, under command of Admiral Frontin, is coming to this country on a visit designed to strengthen the Entente between the two navies, and is due to reach Portsmouth on Wednesday next.

EDNA MAY'S FUTURE.

Famous Actress Decides Not to Return to the Stage.

"OLD LURE HAS VANISHED."

Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, formerly Miss Edna May, of "The Belle of New York" fame, is not going back to the stage.

She told *The Daily Mirror* so emphatically yesterday.

Mrs. Lewisohn, whose husband died over a year ago in New York, has just arrived here.

Yesterday, wearing a simple mourning frock and still beautiful, she took her first look at London after an absence of several years.

Yes," she said, "I say to myself, say that I am going to make this country my permanent home. I love England. My late husband loved it too, and I am giving no secret away in saying that I love it even better than America.

"But you must remember that for many years after my marriage I lived a happy country life here, mostly at Cranbourne Court, the beautiful home in Windsor Forest which Mr. Lewisohn bought me after the loss of the stage.

"You may say definitely, however, that I am not going back to the stage, nor is there any truth in the suggestion that I may go into theatre management.

"When the curtain fell on 'Nelly Nell,' before my farewell appearance in London in 1907, before I married, I retired for good. The old lure has vanished."

"I am not a player," she added, with a laugh. "I don't have to be photographed every other day. I've had only four photographs taken since I married, and to-day's picture by *The Daily Mirror* is the first in six years."

Mrs. Lewisohn added that the story that she had inherited £1,000,000 under her late husband's will was "much exaggerated."

EARL DERBY'S TRIBUTE.

Notable Message on Occasion of Late Baron Michelham's Funeral.

The funeral of the late Lord Michelham took place yesterday at St. Stephen's Chapel, at the Jewish cemetery, Ball's Pond, Islington. The cortège left Prince's gate, and the body was enclosed in a leaden shell with oak outer case, bearing a plain brass plate with the inscription, "Herbert Baron Michelham, of Hellingly, K.C.V.O., born September 28, 1851, died January 7, 1919."

A shower of telegrams was received expressing condolences. Lord Derby wired "Please accept my heartfelt condolences on hearing of Lord Michelham's death. No one knows better than

HEROES OF WITTENBURG.

As a gratifying sequel to the appalling horrors of the notorious Wittenburg Camp comes the announcement that the undermentioned members of the R.A.M.C. are "mentioned" for valuable services during the outbreak among the prisoners of cholera and typhus.

Lt. (A. Major) J. La F. Lauder, D.S.O., M.C.

Major H. E. Priestly, C.M.G.

Major A. C. Vidal, D.S.O.

Major W. B. Fry.

Capt. S. E. Ford.

Capt. A. A. Sutcliffe.

Pte. W. J. Reynolds (South Lancs. Regt.)

The last four have unfortunately died.

It will be remembered that when typhus broke out the Hun guards deserted the camp and controlled the caged and helpless prisoners with loaded rifles from outside.

myself how much the British Army owes to Lord Michelham's generosity."

The family mourners were the Hon. H. Stern (their), the Hon. Jacques Stern (another son) and Sir David Salomons (brother-in-law).

Among the general mourners were the Marquess Cholmondeley, Viscount Cobham, the French Embassy, Lord Farquhar, Lord Rothermere, Lord Beresford, Viscount Exmouth, Lord Sherborne, Sir A. Stanley and Colonel Bryce.

THE PRINCE LIKE ONE OF US."

After twenty-five days at the Australian Corps Headquarters, Prince of Wales left on January 1 (written Mr. F. M. Ogle).

The officers and men of the battalions found him delightful company and were flattered by the unfeigned interest of the Prince in all their stories of camp and field.

Some battalion officers who met him in Brussels said: "He stood drinks like one of ourselves."

RETAILER'S TYRANNY TO BE ABOLISHED.

Housewives Can Change After January 20.

END OF FAVOURITISM?

The tyranny of the retailer is to be abolished.

On Monday week the housewife, as *The Daily Mirror* has repeatedly advocated, will again be granted the right of choosing her shopkeeper.

No longer will it be necessary for her to buy from the retailer with whom she has long, and often most unsatisfactorily, been registered.

Many women, since rationing began, have bitterly regretted their choice of retailer. Fair promises have not been fulfilled; favourites to grocer and butcher have been only too common an experience of the harassed housewife.

Customers with accounts have always been highly favoured. To them have gone the jam, syrup, bacon and cheese; the regular customer who bought and paid on the spot got "regrets" and not always that.

The Order issued by the Ministry of Food says:

From January 20 until February 1, inclusive, the public will be allowed to change from one retailer to another without having to satisfy the Food Committee of their reasons for desiring such a change. The public are asked, however, not to change their retailers without reasonable cause.

Any person wishing to make this change should cover his counterfoil and any series of coupons which have been deposited with the old retailer.

He must then take them before February 1 with his ration book to the Food Office, where he will be given in exchange for his old counterfoils new counterfoils with which to register with his new retailer.

THE QUEEN'S TREASURER.

The Hon. Sir Alexander Nelson Hood Resigns His Post.

The Hon. Sir Alexander Nelson Hood has resigned his position as treasurer to the Queen.

Sir A. Nelson Hood is also the Duke of Bronte, and his Scliaran castle descended to him from Nelson, his ancestor.

Born in 1854, Sir Alexander was the fourth son of General Viscount Bridport.



PRESSMEN'S WAR RECORD.

Less Than Thirty 'A' Journalists Left in All London.

Sir Henry Buckingham, chairman of the Advisory Committee of the City of London Tribunals, which deals with the enlistment of Pressmen, Sir A. Geddes, Sir George Dillfeld, and many well-known journalists held a dinner at the Carlton yesterday.

Sir Henry said that his committee had dealt with 125,000 cases. They had dealt with the Press of the whole country. He had never met a body of men more ready to give to others an example of patriotism. At the time recruiting ceased there were fewer than thirty men still employed by the London Press of military age and fit for general service. (Cheers.)

These figures were official, and if they did not credit to the patriotism of the London Press he did not know what did.

NEWS ITEMS.

The "1914 Star" is now ready for those entitled to it.

The late Mr. Roosevelt left about £112,000, £12,000 to be divided among his children, and the rest for his wife for life, to go to the children on her death.

Sir W. Sutherland's Post.—The Prime Minister has appointed Captain Ernest Evans to be one of his private secretaries, in succession to Sir William Sutherland, who has been appointed parliamentary private secretary.



Dr. Addison.



Sir E. Geddes.



Lord Milner.



Sir A. Geddes.



Mr. C. Harmsworth.



Mr. Bonar Law.



Mr. E. Shortt.



Mr. E. S. Montague.

Everybody Should Read To-morrow's

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL



Which will contain a
Brilliant Article entitled—

THE WORLD AT A STANDSTILL

By the Right Hon.
WINSTON S.



CHURCHILL

who emphasises the urgent need
of the principal nations reaching
an agreement which will enable
us to regard the Great War as
definitely finished.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1919.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S VICTORY.

THINGS are getting a little better, then, in spite of all the grumbling!

More men are being demobilised every week.

There are rumours that the coal situation is easier, though there is need still for great economy.

The light ration is to be raised. And, as you will see in our news columns to-day, the housewife is to be set free, as to her food-shopping, the week after next.

The tyranny of the retailer is ending. Healthy competition will begin again. Our women will again be free to go where they like for provisions...

We don't say that all or even many retailers have grossly abused the powers conferred upon them by Dora, who made of them "tied houses," amongst which you had to take your choice and then keep to it. In fact, we have felt much sympathy for many hard-tasked tradesmen in these years.

It has been theirs to unravel the feminine contradictions and frequent changes of Dora's mind. Theirs to conform to regulations, and, if possible, to understand them first. Theirs, next, to make their customers understand. Theirs to refuse and forbid.

Under such a stress it is not surprising that courtesy has given way.

And indeed it may be said that they adapted themselves better to the situation than many of their customers did.

In this country, we have a common conviction amongst the public that regulations can be "got round."

With this conviction the retailer has had to struggle. He has sometimes shown favouritism. Suddenly, from having been in a sense supplicant, he became master and lord. Often he has abused that position. At any rate his manners have not improved.

That means only that competition, here at least, favours manners; though it does so in no other sphere of life.

You attract clients by your goods, yes; but also by the manner in which you present them. A certain *individuality* is the essence of successful, we may say agreeable, trading. A good large turbot is turbot, of course, always. But it can seem a small one if it is sold under Dora.

Food will be sold politely—perhaps—the week after next. "What can I do for you, madam?" will at last replace: "Take it or leave it, it's all you'll get!"

This in itself, we say, will do much to deaden our resentments—resentments, rebellions, really illogical after all.

For, once more, why did we enter the war? Why did we fight it? Who made it?

The Germans; and we made it to beat them.

Unfortunately detail obscures main issues, and so often it has seemed to the housewife that the local butcher made the war and that she was out to beat him.

Well, he won on the whole. But now an armistice is being forced upon him. Her day is at hand. She will not abuse her recovered power. Her best plan is to forget all she has suffered. Then she will be merciful in victory!

W. M.

THREE YEARS.

To me, fair Friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed
Such needs your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from your breast shook three summers' pride
The beauties spring to you now autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons we've
Since first you drew fresh which yet are green.
All yet done, like a diabolical hand,
So from his figure, like a man bereaved,
By whom you were born, and mine eye may be deceived:
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE AbdICATION OF PRE-WAR "PA."

WILL THE AUTHORITY OF THE "HEAVY FATHER" RETURN?

BY ELEANOR MACLEAN.

IN those days we lovingly label pre-war John Jones, of the Chestnuts, Elm Drive, Suburbia, was the typical heavy father. There was one rule of life on which he held with an iron grip. "Every man is master in his own house." John Jones was master.

"Telling pa" was the threat with which Mrs. Jones, in the days of her inexperienced maternity, kept her small brood in order. There could be no insubordination with the shadow of father looming heavily. He was the tyrant of the teatable, the despot at dinner-time, and general autocrat of the home.

An obsolete type, you say? No fathers ever tyrannise nowadays.

Ah, you have one of the new younger sort. Not all young people have. The heavy father

imagines that he'll take up again the rôle of heavy father. Paterfamilias will find his string shortened when his brood return to the nest.

Mary, whose love affairs never could develop owing to pa's vigilant eye and his habit of opening all correspondence addressed to the name of Jones, has ideas of her own, gained through freedom and a life that has taught her much.

WHAT THE FAMILY THINKS.

Young John has passed from boyhood into manhood and knows the responsibilities of the latter. One can hardly imagine him to-day minus a latchkey and strictly rationed over the matter of feminine acquaintances, along with forbidden smoking and a few other restrictions.

Phyllis is a healthy young woman, nearly twenty-one, with a healthy young woman's outlook.

Even mother has changed during the four years. She is no longer the meek little woman she used to be.

Father, the autocrat, will be forced to abdi-

THE POOR PEDESTRIAN AND OUR STREET TRAFFIC.—2.



This is what happens nowadays to the man who is a pacifist and tries to board a bus without hard fighting.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

does still exist. He exists where he controls the money bags. For even now there is one way of controlling modern children—cut off their allowances. By this plan (and a stern manner) many an ancient parent still glooms terrible over many an inquiring young mind. Or, at least, he did so gloom. But then came the war.

Mary, the eldest daughter who was, at twenty, as much afraid of pa as she had been at twelve, became a nurse.

Young John had just turned eighteen when the war cloud burst. He went into the Air Service. He is now twenty-two and has attained the rank of major.

Phyllis, a demure flapper of sixteen in those days, has been a land girl for two years and has gained the land girl's outlook on life.

Even Mrs. Jones left the domestic rut when she took to canteening and a few other odd war-time jobs, while his duties as a "special" took down John Jones' weight if they didn't lessen his sense of autocracy.

Life is soon to become normal again in the household behind the two chestnut trees—so thinks John Jones, senior.

But he has a few eye-openers in store if he

cares his throne of tyranny—if he dares to assume the mantle he wore in pre-war days.

Imagine the scene if he presumes to open the love letters of Mary, the long and short envelopes addressed to John, and the effusions that will arrive for Phyllis from her many friends.

His three children have tasted the joys of freedom. They have encouraged individuality and "pa" is no longer the bogey over their lives.

"Pa" had better realise his position, unless he is touting for an ignominious downfall. He'll have to abdicate the rôle of heavy father. He can never take up again the reins of absolute authority and autocracy where he laid them down.

His children to-day—like Sussex pigs—"w'nt be druv," and if he attempts to drive them he'll find he has no one to drive.

We won't put up with his pre-war ways! Times are changed, and for good.

At least, the children of the former heavy father think it is for the good. What he thinks, we don't know!

And some of us say we don't care, which

E. M.

ON GETTING MARRIED.

POINTS FROM OUR READERS ABOUT NEW CONDITIONS IN THE HOME.

£500 A YEAR.

"CAPTAIN, R.A.F.," must not expect sympathy. He has come through the war, and knows what life is. He has learnt how little is really needed for existence.

He and his fiancée can learn to make shift for a bit if they want each other; of course, if they cannot live without expensive furniture they may have to delay.

Many officers have married upon half the income he professes to have.

Wardrobes can wait—I.e., wooden ones; not the contents; and linen sheets are bad. Most of the cases of dresses abroad are the common lot of the race at present—near London.

The question of servants is not insuperable, for there are many and there will be more.

Given £500 a year, and a won man loves, let him go ahead.

CAPTAIN, R.A.M.C.

THE RIGHT GIRL.

"R.A.F. CAPTAIN" asks for advice. May I offer mine?

Lack of house accommodation, transit difficulties, etc., will right themselves shortly.

This was my view over, and it is likely that by this time "R.A.F. Captain" has found his mate and made a successful courtship he will find these drawbacks have disappeared.

The lack of servants and his future wife's disability or disinclination to keep house can be easily overcome.

Let "R.A.F. Captain" make up his mind to find a *home-making* wife.

I have married for many years that the home-loving, money-spending girl is left alone: the flapper, useless, if smart type of girl, extravagantly and showily dressed, is chosen instead, hence the trouble.

MERE.

"HOW CAN I FURNISH?"

MY first suggestion in the matter is that, if this "Captain" is of the "middle-class society," he must be content with furniture suitable for furnishing his house.

My second suggestion is that I do not think he would find it very difficult to obtain a small house in the suburbs of London suitable to his requirements and requiring about £35 to £40 per annum (inclusive), which I consider would be spacious enough in a good class neighbourhood and within easy reach of town.

With regard to difficulties of transit, one, of course, has to admit the ways are not all that can be desired, but one must have patience and wait awhile, when these means will be restored to normal conditions.

My third suggestion is with regard to the "ever-ready stumbling block."

I think he would have no difficulty in securing a maid at, say, from £26 to £28. I would remind him that the "question of domestic servants" now being so openly discussed has arisen not purely from the remuneration subject, but of the treatment and the craze for liberty.

"TRYST" (single).

HOW TO MANAGE.

I FEEL unable to pass over unanswered your article "On Getting Married in Peace Time," by "A Captain, R.A.F."

Under existing conditions (and they are not likely to continue for any length of time) £500 a year and prospects are quite sufficient for any man or officer to find a home on. But if "A Captain" thinks it necessary to maintain an establishment at the rate of £1,000 a year on an income of £500, he will be going to find difficulties to say the least of it.

It seems a pity that, in a country possessing the splendid class of women that Britain has, who can attend to and carry out all the domestic duties of a home as well and, I venture to say, better than any German frau and still find time to be a real companion to their husbands, "A Captain" should be unable to fix his choice and affections upon one of them without complaining about expenses!

AN AUSTRALIAN PRIVATE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN CHURCH?

I THINK every man should be his own Church, his own priest—that where he kneels in prayer, that is holy ground—he needs no interpreter between his Maker and himself.

Religion is not a question of six days a week for worldly advancement, and one day for God, when, as church-goer, he is expected to imbibe from the priest enough godliness to carry him to the next Sunday.

It is not far away from church, every hour of his life, that counts to him for righteousness or the reverse.

The very word "cloth" is a misnomer, that by its assumption of superiority cuts the priest off from human sympathy with his fellows.

HELEN MATHERS.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 10.—If a warm house is available sweet peas may now be sown in pots or boxes. Let the soil be light and sandy, and it should contain plenty of leaf-mould.

Press the seeds just under the surface of the soil and then give a good watering. When germination has taken place remove to a cold frame providing the weather is suitable.

It is most important to give sweet peas plenty of light and air, so that sturdy growth may be secured.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose, nor can we pass current in a higher college if we do not undergo the tedious of education in this one.—Tennyson.

ONE-ARMED SOLDIERS LEARN TYPEWRITING



One-armed men being taught typewriting at the Duke of Connaught's Hospital, Bray. Most of them become proficient in a remarkably short time in spite of their handicap. They have, of course, the most able and sympathetic tuition.

RECRUITS FOR THE RUSSIAN RED GUARD



The president of the local Soviet (carrying an umbrella) gathers recruits for the Bolshevik military forces at a centre on the frontier. The men do not understand anything except that they are to share in the property of the "bourgeoisie."



FOR THE BENCH.—The Earl of Stamford, who has been appointed a J.P. for Cheshire. He is our youngest magistrate.



IN LONDON.—Senhor Egas Moniz, Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is now on a visit to London for official discussions.



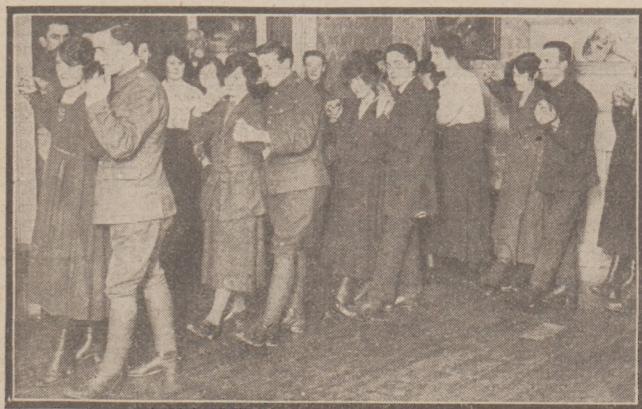
CANADA ENTERTAINS LITTLE LONDONERS.—The Shaftesbury Society entertains children in the People's Palace, Mile End-road, London, with funds provided by the society's auxiliary and Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. (A) Mr. Frank J. Miles, Mayor of Stepney; (B) Sir George Perley; (C) Brig.-Gen. G. R. Manly Sims, D.S.O.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



SEA TRAINING.—Admiral Sir Beaufort G. C. upper, agreed to commitmen on national scheme of training for the sea service.



WYCOMBE COLLECTION.—Mrs. Coningsby Discraeli, who has forwarded to Princess Alice a £900 cheque for disabled sailors and soldiers.



During a jolly dance at the much-appreciated Comrades' Club in Eccleston-sq., London.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB.—At one of the two Comrades' Clubs organised by Lady Emmott, which have proved an outstanding success. Lady Emmott's idea was to provide



Light refreshment and equally light conversation are both enjoyed in the lounge. pleasant centres where soldiers' girls might meet in much the same circumstances as would be found in a comfortable and well-regulated home.

THE STAGE IS SET FOR THE CONFERENCE.

PARIS AND VERSAILLES AWAIT THE ACTORS IN THE PLAY.

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Mr. Huddleston pictures a crowded and expectant Paris awaiting with curiosity the arrival of "experts" and peace delegates from all parts of the world for the great conference.

PARIS, Rue Corneille.

THE stage is set—the stage on which is to be played the mightiest drama that the world has ever seen. Paris is proud not because she is in the limelight, but because she is helping, before the eyes of the whole world, to prepare the peace for which every woman and every man long.

Let us look at the stage before the curtain goes up.

The *decor* is, perhaps, not altogether worthy of the great play. One feels a sort of sentimental regret that the leaves are not making an umbreous shelter from the glowing sun in a high blue sky, that the picturesque striped awnings of the cafés are not spread over a happy outdoor throng, taking their ease before the wonderfully-coloured rainbow drinks of the Continent.

The reality is that Paris is never so unlovely in aspect (it can never be entirely unlovely!) as in the rainy, wintry month of January, when the days are short and when the wet pavements at five o'clock in the evening mirror the faint lights of the lamps and when the people hurry homewards drenched by the unknd skies.

ALL HOTELS FULL!

But whatever the exterior face of things, everybody is delighted that at last the statesmen of the world are meeting together in their midst to solve the hundreds of problems that have disturbed the peace of mankind for generations, for centuries, for eras.

Every hotel is full, and I met the other day a colonel who could find nowhere to go, until eventually he consented to sleep in the bath-room.

The influx of visitors, official, semi-official and demi-semi-official, is enormous.

Many of them have been offered private hospitality, but there are also great crowds whose credentials are more vague, who belong to the nondescript army that such international gatherings always provoke. Most of the principal hotels have either been set aside for the accommodation of governmental guests or are being used as offices in which the huge staffs are housed.

Behind the façade of dozens of buildings there are scenes of indescribable activity. Tremendous masses of statistics and of State papers have been collected and had to be put in perfect order. These last preparations are often feverishly undertaken, since the possibility of a hitch in the complicated arrangements begins to trouble some of those in charge.

There are experts on every subject under the sun.

They are taking up their quarters, but they have been preceded by hundreds and thousands of others who have been preparing the way for the momentous tasks that face the principal actors in the "star" parts. The scene-shifters and the stage-carpenters no man can number!

EVERYBODY'S PLAN.

There is some discussion in the French papers as to what ought to be the procedure. Everybody has his plan.

Some demand less and some demand more publicity. Some want the broad principles to be settled in a general open conference first, and the details worked out on those lines by a multitude of committees. Others want the territorial, the ethnological, the historical and the military questions regulated first, and then reconsidered in the light of Mr. Wilson's principles. Some want the Society of Nations to be set up at once. Others want the problems of the present war to be out of the way before the new international body is constituted.

But there is general agreement that, after all, there are two sets of questions—the questions that have to do with settling our account, and the questions which have to do with providing for the future.

It is in a Paris which, despite the leaden heavens, has recovered a good deal of its gaiety of spirit, its characteristic lightness of heart, that the delegates meet. The tango is once more in favour. The theatres are packed to suffocation. Evening dress as décolleté as ever reappears in the restaurants. The racecourses are soon to open. The "five o'clock," the famous afternoon teas of Paris, are becoming popular. We have our troubles in respect of food and fuel, but we take them cheerfully. The memory of the bad old days is being effaced.

Why, I even see artistic panels replacing broken glass in the shop windows, announcing the date when the shop front was broken by the bombing!

The stage is set. We await the beginning of the play.

"MY DANCE, I THINK?"—JAZZ DANGERS.

A FIGHTING MAN'S FEAR OF AGGRESSIVE NEW "STEPS."

By ROBERT DOUGLAS.

YOU take your choice amongst the fair ladies who sit round the room. You hope for the best. Then, with a fond fare well to your people, you move out among the throng,

*Wheezing hoarsely as you go
On the light fantastic toe.*

Or at least that is what you do if you have been caught up in the dancing boom and have fallen under the fascination of the "Tickle Toe" and the "Hawaiian Jazz," and the variety of weird movements that come over with the Americans—and that won't go back till we're all over over there—in Hospital!

Dancing is not what it used to be.

There was a quiet, peaceful time when you could come in your best, when you had room to move, when a man could be gallant and a lady graceful.

Not so now.

You get an inch of space now, and with the dances a cross between the gestures that accompany a college yell and the round games of the Choctaw Indians, there is precious little chance for either grace or gallantry.

Take the one-step, for instance.

The one-step is very popular just now. One-step has, as a matter of fact, been imported into every modern dance, but it is also a dance by itself and a trap for the unwary, not lightly to be entered into.

This is one way of it—for there appear to be no fixed rules for its execution.

The band strikes up "Over there" or "Oh, Johnny," or some such tune, and, clutching your girl, you slouch quickly to the skyline, wagging your shoulders from side to side in accordance with the canons of Coney. Then mashe you decide to rotate for a space—which you do, madly, to the terror of any nervous people who may be near you—and slouching on again, more quickly this time, if possible, to get the force you need for the movement, you dip.

It is not unlikely that you will injure yourself for life at this juncture, but, assuming that you get back to the perpendicular well enough to go on, you slouch forward again and rotate, repeating the movements again and again until you die of exhaustion or are taken home on a stretcher.

That is the one-step.

There are others.

Of these others, I confess that the idea of an "Aeroplane Sway" in the "Tickle Toe" was too much for me, and that I pauked a trifle at doing the homeless-man act in "On Leave"; but the "Flirtation Waltz" is very pleasing, and there is a great deal of amusement to be got out of the "Gaby" and the "Homestead Foxtrot" if your joints are supple and you know you are well covered by insurance in case of accidents.

One is only very sorry about the lancers. They are not for you any more, dear dancers of the past, nor indeed, after having been swept to the floor and walked on, are they for me.

No, it is all very amusing and exciting, but I shall reserve myself for some quiet pursuit, say boxing or Rugby football. R. D.

GIVE US A CHANCE FOR THE CHURCH!

OUR APPEAL FOR LIFE AND LIBERTY TO REFORM.

By the Rev. F. A. IREMONGER.

The Vice-Chairman of the Life and Liberty Movement, formerly Head of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, summarises the recent discussion in our correspondence column.

THERE can be few people interested in the reconstruction of our national life who will not have welcomed the letters on the reform of the Church which have appeared in *The Daily Mirror*.

I have read them carefully, and I gather that the writers are, for the most part, not unwilling that the Church should, at this momentous time, be alive to new issues, and be fitted with a new life.

But I am tempted to wonder how many *Daily Mirror* readers are aware either of the handicaps with which we have to make our new start, and the appalling difficulties which confront us whenever we try to set our own house in order; or of the existence of a society of men and women who are determined to rid the Church of the scandals which make her system a byword in the minds of thoughtful and honest people.

SO LONG AS . . .

"Scandals" is a strong word, but it is justified.

How can the Church be true to her ideals and play the part which is hers in the life of the nation?

So long as the "livings" of the Church can be bought and sold like a piece of property in the open market.

So long as in the same diocese the incumbent of a village with a population of eighty-two receives £1,292 a year, while the living of a large town parish, with a population of 22,579, is worth £523.

So long as the laymen and women of the Church are not represented in the only Church assemblies which are recognised by the law of the land.

So long as there are parishes in the country districts, many of which have not been visited by a Diocesan Bishop for more than half a century. (One incumbent writes that his parish has not been so visited for 180 years!)

So long as many clergy would gladly retire from the work, for which they have grown too old, if they saw any prospect before themselves and their wives, on their retirement, except the workhouse.

And the man in the street at once says: Alter all this; do away with these scandals; set your house in order.

The reformers within the Church have only one answer: *We cannot*.

We are blocked by Parliament at every turn.

Many people are hardly aware of the fact that not a single word or comma in the Prayer Book can be altered without an Act of Parliament.

Let those who think that these words are an exaggeration note the following facts:

No fewer than twenty-two Bills dealing with the sale of "livings" have been introduced into Parliament in the last twenty-eight years. Of these twenty had to be dropped; and this scandalous practice still goes on.

PUBLIC OPINION MUST HELP.

The Clergy Discipline (Immuorality) Bill, which dealt with the treatment of priests who had proved themselves unworthy of their office, was blocked for four years in the House of Commons.

A short time ago a Bishop "inhibited" a country vicar. The vicar appealed. The Court decided that the Bishop was justified and upheld his action. The man is therefore no longer allowed to take the services in the village church; but he continues to occupy the vicarage and to favour the glebe-land: *and nothing short of an Act of Parliament can turn him out*.

Set our own house in order, indeed! Would to God that we could!

To this end there are bound together thousands of men and women in the fellowship of life and liberty. It is composed of those who have a vision of what the Church might do for the nation if only it were free to carry out its task. At our offices at 117, Victoria-street, S.W.1, we have received letters from every part of the United Kingdom, from men in our Army and Navy, from German prisons, from the dominions beyond the seas, asking what the movement stands for and what each man or woman can do to help it.

And our reply is always the same. *Help us to gain our liberty.*

Life and Liberty is our watchword, our hope lies in the passing of an Enabling Bill.

I understand that already pledges of support to this Bill have been given by about one-third of the members of the new House of Commons. Public opinion can do the rest. The Life and Liberty plea is not an unfair one. It is simply—*Give the Church a chance.*

F. A. IREMONGER.

LUMBERWOMEN IN SUSSEX.—The girls who are felling trees in the woods near Petworth are seen carrying the logs to the railway.



DO SERVANTS MAKE THE BEST WIVES?

A WORKING-MAN ON THEIR WANT OF DOMESTIC THRIFT.

By EDWIN PUGH.

"NOT me!" said the working man to me, "I've had one. Leastways, I should say I've had one. That was enough.

Good girl she was, mind you. Loving and kind and all that. And I'd known her from a kid. We were brought up in the same village. And then she went into service, and I got a job as engine-cleaner on the railway.

"Well, the years rolled on and I lost sight of her—until one day we met in London, and I fell over head and ears.

"She looked so fine and sweet and pretty!

"Wore gloves and a veil and I don't know what-all, with her hair up and her petticoats, and a sunshade and a ridiculous, just like a lady. So that when she told me how she loathed and detested her 'place'—she was cook-housemaid or something o' that—I was fair knocked sideways.

"That was years before the war broke out.

"The people she was with lived in one of them old-fashioned houses, Portland-road way, with an underground kitchen, stone floor, bars to the windows and dark, like a prison, she said it was.

"Now I'd been promoted fireman by then, so after a bit I ups and asks her straightaway to marry me. And, after the usual hummin'

ha-ing, she did.

"We took two rooms in Kentish Town and furnished on the hire-purchase system.

"My wages wasn't much, but we reckoned we'd pull through, somehow, and anyhow, I'd always been told as servant-girls made the best

of wives. So that was all right. And at first everything went smooth as velvet.

"I'd never been so comfortable in my natural. Everything in apple-pie order, as the saying is—clean and neat and tidy as a well-packed kit. (Yes, I've been in the Army since then.) And as for grub! Lived on the fat of the land. But it didn't last."

"One evening, when I got home, I saw she'd been crying.

"It's about the first instalment for the furniture," she told me when I asked her what was up. "But I gave you the money for that a week ago," I said. "I know," she said, "but I had to break into it. I was a bit behind with the tradespeople—". I was shocked. "I don't somehow seem able to make both ends meet," she said. "The money isn't enough."

"And then I woke up."

"Living in that great house she'd got so used to the fat of everything, with never any stint, plenty of butter and eggs, milk and cream, that she hadn't the faintest idea how to economise.

"Of course, being a man, I'd never understood before."

"Now it all come home to me, and I saw how it was we'd been living in the lap of luxury all that while. She had lived, with me as she had lived with them.

"I'm told that things are different now—that servants are ever so much better treated, have more time to themselves, more evenings to spend with their people, and even nights out, now and then. If so, that's as it should be.

"Because, you take it from me, the girl as has no home-life of her own and so gets out of touch with her mother's way of making the most of a very little and still giving satisfaction all round will never make a good wife for a poor working-man."

E. P.

"BELLE OF NEW YORK" IN LONDON



Recent portrait of Miss Edna May.



Miss Edna May, an "At Home" photograph. Miss Edna May (in widow's weeds). By the death of her husband, Mr. Oscar Lewishohn, she becomes one of the richest women in the world.

HUN LEADERS' FRENZIED ATTEMPTS TO



Herr Eisner, the representative of Bavaria, speaking at the conference of German State delegates in Berlin. He is one of the most powerful personalities in Hun politics to-day.



MAKING ST. PAUL'S SAFE.—Stonemasons at work making good the cracks and faults in one of the piers supporting the mighty dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.



ENGAGED.—Captain Leslie Carr Gamage, M.C., second son of Mr. A. W. Gamage, engaged to Miss Muriel Hirst.



ENGAGED.—Miss Muriel Elsie Hirst, eldest daughter of Mr. Hugo Hirst, engaged to be married to Capt. Leslie Carr Gamage.



A demonstration by extreme revolutionaries, led by a sailor, in the streets of Berlin.



AID FOR FIRST STEPS.—An ingenious contrivance used in Zanzibar for teaching babies to walk.



MENTIONED.—Mrs. C. J. S. Thompson, who has been mentioned for valour, has been rendered fit at Holmleigh Military Hospital, Harrow.



AT LONDON PAVILION.—Miss Bessie Clifford, who was a great success at Music Hall Ladies' Guild matinee at the London Pavilion.



AEROPLANE CRASH IN EGYPT.—The result of a "nose dive" direct on to the hard road. The pilot, who was badly damaged, tried to turn too soon after rising.



FUNERAL OF LORD MICHELHAM.—The funeral of the late Lord Michelham, who died at the Jewish Islington. Marked with a 'X' is the new Lord Michelham.

TEMPS TO BRING ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.



Herr Ebert, who is at the head of whatever Government can be held still to exist in Berlin, addressing the delegates at the federal conference.



no revolution led by a sailor with the Red Flag; in the streets of Berlin.



MILHAM. The funeral of the late Lord Michelham took place at the Jewish Cemetery, Ball's Pond, with a family service.



AT ORIENTAL SCHOOL.—Sir Denison Ross, doing good work in preparing sailors and soldiers for Indian Civil Service.



U.S. RED CROSS.—Lady Thornton, wife of Brig.-Gen. Sir H. Thornton, on Care Committee of American Red Cross.



HEROINE'S ROYAL TRIBUTE.—The grave of the martyred Nurse Edith Cavell with the wreaths placed upon it by King and Queen of the Belgians.—(French official.)

HUN PEACE PIPE FOR PRISONERS



Private Canning with his wife at home in Blighty. The souvenir pipe

The souvenir pipe brought home by Private Canning from his German prison. These pipes were offered for sale to prisoners immediately after armistice signature, and bear British emblems.



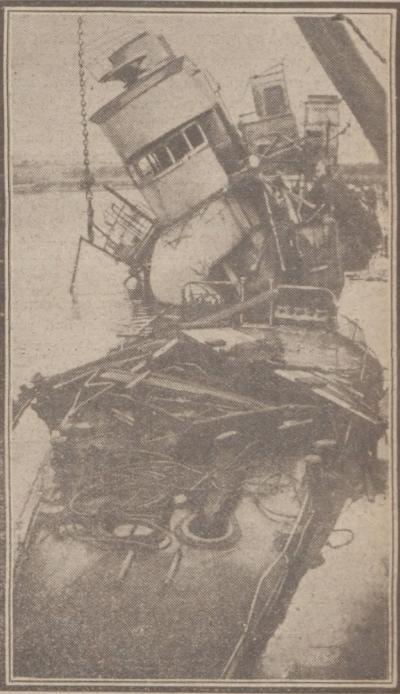
CHEERING THE VICTORS.—A detachment of French Army of occupation bound for German territory marching through Brussels. It was accorded a triumphal progress.—(French official.)



MENTIONED.—Miss Margaret Tonna, who has been mentioned for her valuable services at Guards' Hospital, Caterham, Surrey.



IN LONDON AGAIN.—Mme. Calvet, the Belgian opera singer, who is about to make a welcome reappearance in London.



A REAL SMASH.—The German torpedo-boat destroyer V.74 as it was left by the enemy when they were compelled to make a hasty retreat from Bruges.—(Official.)

TO GET HOME-GET YOUR TURN

Have you done your part

towards getting your turn in the demobilisation arrangements? Study every word of this and you will find just how things are being done and just what you must do yourself.

If you want to be demobilised get from your Commanding Officer (if you have not yet done so) what is called the Civil Employment Form. Fill this up and return it to him. He will forward it to the proper authority.

(The form for N.C.O.'s and men in the Army and Air Force is known as A.F.Z.16. The form for Sailors is known as S1300.)

If you have Work Awaiting You

and it is (*a*) with the firm who employed you before August 4th, 1914, get your employer also to fill up a declaration asking for you. This should read as follows:-

"I (or we) (full name and postal address of employer) hereby declare that (full name, rank and number and naval or military address of employee) was in my (or our) employment before August 4th, 1914, and that I am (or we are) prepared to offer him employment as (state occupation) immediately on his return to civil life (or give the date after which the employment will be available)."

The employer will send this to the Employment Exchange nearest to his place of business. The Exchange will send it to you. You will then hand it to the Commanding Officer, and you will then be on his list for your turn in the demobilisation plans.

If you have work waiting for you, and it is (*b*) not with the firm who employed you before August 4th, 1914, get the employer who wants to employ you to fill up Form E.D.406 (obtainable at any Employment Exchange) and have him send it to the Exchange nearest to his place of business.

When your Civil Employment Form (which you handed to the Commanding Officer) and this Employer's Form have arrived at the Exchange your name will be sent to your C.O. for registration.

If no Work Awaits You

Say on your Civil Employment Form what work you want and the Employment Exchange will help find you some. When they have, your name will be sent to your C.O. for registration.

If you were a "One Man Business"

Say so on your Civil Employment Form. If your release is very urgently needed, get your wife, or whoever is running your business, to fill up Form D.F. 2a and send it to the Employment Exchange.

If Compassionate Grounds

such as serious illness of your wife or child, or being the father of motherless children, justify you in asking for early release, apply to your Commanding Officer in the ordinary way, but do not try to claim on trifling grounds, as by so doing you would only clog the machinery and so stand in the way of other men with real claims.

EXCEPTIONS:

Exceptions to the above procedure are:-

1. **The very few pivotal men**—They are those whose return to civil life will provide employment for others—Obviously they must be released as soon as possible. In fairness to the other men, a man is only classed as pivotal after a most strict and searching investigation.
2. Coal miners.
3. Students and teachers.
4. Men over 41 years of age posted under the Military Service (No. 2) Act, 1918.
5. Time-expired men of 41 and upwards who voluntarily enlisted or were compulsorily retained during the war.
6. Original volunteers "for the duration" who were 41 or upwards on or before April 18th, 1918.
7. Men in hospital, command depots or oversea convalescent camps, after 28 days' treatment in hospital.

The men in these groups need do nothing further. Their release has already been ordered, and they are being included in dispersal drafts as quickly as room can be found for them. No fair-minded man can dispute the obvious wisdom and fairness of letting these classes go first.

WHAT DECIDES YOUR TURN

As soon as, through the above means, your C.O. knows you have employment awaiting you, and so has your name registered, you become what is known as a "slip" man.

C.O.'s are being asked for drafts of so many men for demobilisation. If more men assemble than are called for in any draft a selection will be made by the C.O. according to his instructions which are that:

He will give preference to a married over a single man.

Preference to men with long service—in fact 10 per cent. of each draft must always consist of men chosen entirely by length of service in the field, or in a Command Overseas, including pre-war time-expired men. Take into consideration length of Active Service and wounds.

The national importance of the work to which the man is going should obviously count.

MEN MUST REMEMBER

that while Demobilisation is proceeding as quickly as possible its rate must be governed by the military situation. The whole Army obviously cannot yet be broken up until the Victory you won is absolutely guaranteed. So far only an Armistice has been signed. Demobilisation has begun, but must progress by steady stages. Much of the present work is merely preparatory.

If you are on Home Service do not think, because your application for release is not at once granted, or you hear nothing, that something has "gone wrong."

If you are on Foreign Service do not think nothing is occurring because you are not brought home.

Before long the daily rate of demobilisation should reach 40,000 men.

The rate of demobilisation from France, Mesopotamia and other places

abroad must depend on transport facilities. The ships, railways and wharves, as the men know, are working up to their fullest capacity.

For the protection of both groups, men with employment in sight will obviously be released before those with no employment in sight.

The simplest and easiest way to have demobilised would have been by complete dismissals. This would have been obviously unfair to men not in the lucky units, which is one reason why the scheme was abandoned. Fairness to each man has been studied throughout.

Remember that demobilisation must involve retaining some men to carry out the work of the Army caused by and during this demobilisation—apart from military reasons. But, so far as it is possible, all units are being treated alike. Fair play all round is the rule.

If you are not clear about anything ask your C.O.



The Hon. Mrs. Paul Methuen, who has been minister in France, is now in England for a rest.

Mrs. O'Malley Keyes, whose husband is a well-known gambler, has sung at luncheons of charity concerts.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT?

Getting on with the Demobilisation Powers Speculators from U.S.

THERE ARE rumours, which may, of course, be just rumours, that the opening of Parliament may be postponed again. Near the end of next month is the date set by the knowing ones for the reassembling of legislators. As to which, we shall see.

Russians Agony.

Mr. Lloyd George will go to Paris to-day for the Inter-Allied Conferences to be held Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. I hear Russian affairs are to be considered as a matter of urgency.

Irish Changes.

It appears that many people in the inner circles expected Sir Horace Plunkett to succeed Mr. Shortt as Chief Secretary. You will remember that Sir Horace was chairman of the ill-fated Irish Convention.

Young Chancellor.

As exclusively forecast in *The Daily Mirror*, Sir P. E. Smith becomes Lord Chancellor. He will be the youngest within living memory, being only forty-six. With his sleek black hair and ruddy unlined face, he looks even younger, indeed.

As an Advocate.

The new Lord Chancellor is young enough to feel some regret at leaving the Law Courts, where he has fought and won so many strenuous legal battles. His rise as a counsel was meteoric, and "retain F.E., at any cost" was the watchword of many anxious litigants.

New War Minister.

In the chair of Kitchener and Cardwell will sit Mr. Winston Churchill, descendant of the greatest military leader that England ever produced. Mr. Churchill's restless energy and insight will make short work of any obstructionists that may be lurking in countless corridors of the big new building in Whitehall.

No Reactionary.

Mr. Churchill is accustomed to make short work of precedents. He was Home Secretary without being a lawyer, for instance—a thing hardly ever known. As a Minister, his independence of thought and action have been tested.

No Pocage.

Friends of Mr. Asquith tell me he means to return to Parliament and lead. But not just yet. He is not taking risks.

"Old Citizens."

Talking of Mr. Asquith, probably one of the next functions at which he will appear will be in connection with a proposed war memorial to "old boys" of the City of London School. Mr. Asquith is probably our most distinguished "Old Citizen."

Scholarships.

It is proposed that the memorial shall include the founding of scholarships both at the boys' and girls' schools and the making of maintenance grants to the families of "Old Citizens" who have fallen in the war. A meeting is to be held next week.

The Admiral.

In spite of official denials, I am told we may yet see Sir David Beatty a Sea Lord before very long.

A Big Job.

There is talk of the suggested Ministry of Supplies taking over half the duties of the Office of Works as well as the ordering of other supplies, on national account, for the Food Munitions Department.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Labour's Privileges.

I understand the Labour Party will claim the Opposition Whip's rooms off the members' lobby. Whether they get them or not depends largely on whether the Speaker recognises the party as the official Opposition.

The Speaker Decides.

The Labour Party may propose, but the Speaker decides who shall be the official Opposition in Parliament. And the Speaker is not elected yet. There are Asquithian hopes that he may not be in a hurry to acquiesce in Labour's claims.

Looking Ahead.

An American syndicate with "money to burn" is looking out for the finest houses it can lay its hands on with the object of letting them to compatriots who will be over here in droves for the peace celebrations. The same syndicate aims to run several hotels during this period.

A Close Finish.

Lord Willingdon, ex-Governor of Bombay, is now in London. Just before leaving India this old Eton and Cantab cricketer captained an English eleven, which narrowly escaped defeat from the Maharajah of Patiala's team. The Prince, who captained the India team in England seven years ago, just missed his century.

"The Echo of New York" Back.

Miss Edna May—it is easier to recall her by her old name than that of Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn—is back in London from America. I had a long chat with her yesterday. She told me she is going to make England her home in the future, but that the stage will not see her back again, despite all the "knowing" rumours about town.

Keeping Her Vow.

She has been perfectly faithful to her vow not to return to the theatre after her marriage eleven years ago. She did appear in a big film, "Salvation Jean," in 1915, but her fee of £20,000 benefited various war charities. Miss May is going to spend a little time in the country before taking a town house.

New Baby.

Lady Walmer now has two sons and two daughters with the baby who arrived the other day. The eldest child, the Hon. Anne, is now aged eight. The Viscountess was the Hon. Grace Ridley, daughter of the politician who was Lord Salisbury's Home Secretary for a time and gained a peerage.

A Bouquet from the Rising Sun.

More Japanese staff officers are coming to London. They will stay at the Carlton, but I suppose they will be seen a great deal at the Nihon-Jin-Kwai, which is the big Japanese Club in Mortimer-street. I am told that



Lady Norah Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon.

The Duchess of Abercorn celebrates her silver wedding this year. we are to receive in the future a great deal of the attention from Japanese military students that was formerly reserved for the German Army. This is a great compliment.

Folding His Tent.

Prince Feisal leaves London, but Colonel Lawrence stays behind. I wonder whether the brilliant young aide-de-camp of the Arab chief will go back again to Oxford as a don. It does not seem likely, and yet it is just possible. If he does, his lectures should be pretty well attended when the boys come home.

No Sampling Allowed.

I was sorry to see posted up conspicuously in an Oxford-street chocolate shop the following notice:—"All goods taken from the counter will be charged for to the customer." There was a time when a woman out shopping looked forward to the sampling of sweets. It gave her the idea that she was getting something for nothing.

The Pilgrims.

When I looked in at the luncheon of the Pilgrims' Club at the Savoy yesterday I found Mr. Davis, the new American Ambassador, delivering a most eloquent tribute to the part which Britain has played in the war. The Duke of Connaught, Lord Curzon and Admiral Sims, who were at the Ambassador's table, seemed deeply impressed.

Eloquent.

Mr. Davis is a clean-shaven man, with a youthful face, despite his white hair. He has an eloquence and a manner rather suggestive of an English K.C.

A Change at the Apollo.

I went to the Apollo Theatre again the other night. Miss Dorothy Brunton is now playing Miss Winifred Barnes' old part. She is a very bright and winsome heroine. Mr.



Miss Kathleen Martyn, the R.A.F. mascot, is now on tour.



Mr. George Tully, the actor, is publishing a book of humour.

Frank Duprez's "gags" are, I think, funnier than ever. I noticed Mr. Donald Calthrop taking a busman's holiday in the stalls.

Park Meetings.

I hear definitely that the January fixture at Sandown is certain to take place. I fear, however, that there is little chance of any steeplechasing at Hurst Park next month.

Russian White Women.

Can you pronounce the word "Soviet"?

A Russian friend tells me that all English public speakers pronounce it wrongly. It should be "Sav-yett"—in two syllables, with a strong accent on the second one.

"There are no light comedians nowadays," said an old theatre-goer to me yesterday. We were talking of Sir Charles Wyndham's illness. Certainly nobody seems to be able to combine charm and sparkle as did the veteran actor-knight.

THE RAMBLER.

HAVE YOU
ordered your copy of No. 3
of the

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Last Sunday many people were disappointed.

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THE DEPUTY GIRL

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.
EVE MERRIAM, secretly married to MAURICE HALSEY, whom she regards as her errant husband; PETER LISLE, in love with Eve, and RACHEL VANCE, a one-time enemy of Eve.

MAURICE AND TOM.

WITH the knowledge born of the love he was passing in Eve's mind.

"You must not be afraid of me," he said in a low voice. "I have promised to wait—I will keep my promise."

But somehow Maurice felt a great elation possess him. His hope had sprung up within him that in a few days he would see Tom again. The tears just now come into her eyes for him? When he had performed that great deed which would make his name pass in all men's mouths then she would turn to him with pride—and love.

"I know you will keep your promises," Eve said, with a catch in her voice, and she held out her hand and clasped his for an instant in her slender fingers.

The following afternoon Maurice Halsey sat for tea with him, a great burning hope lit in his heart. He told her later that night for France. He was impatient to go. Eve's hour brought him nearer to that which he desired to do.

As he dined alone at a small table in the Savoy dining-room he was utterly oblivious of everything that went on around him. But presently he became aware of two figures cross the room—tall, splendid-looking man with a smile on his face who seemed to guide him towards a table.

Peter Lisle—it was Peter Lisle.

A frown came to Maurice's forehead. A deep resentment made him draw himself up and look towards the two men who were progressing slowly towards him, with something like hostility in his eyes.

Why should this man have crossed his path just at this precious moment, reminding him of things he wanted to put from his mind?

"Good evening, Mrs. Halsey," Tom's voice greeted him. "Peter Halsey is next our table."

Peter, who stood waiting a moment, turned his eyes towards Maurice and greeted him. Then, with a deftness born of use, Tom gave him his chair, and the two men seated themselves.

Tom was cursing his luck in having selected a table close to Maurice.

"Indeed, indeed," he commented inwardly. He glanced at Peter, and sat with his head slightly forward in that listening attitude that somehow was especially painful to Tom.

He turned towards Maurice.

"Staying here?" he asked.

"I am off to France to-night," Maurice answered casually. "Just having a feed before I leave."

He glanced towards Peter. The tragedy of Peter's blindness struck him suddenly and powerfully.

Peter was stricken in the prime of life—he was cut off from all that made life worth living. Maurice glanced at Tom and moved his chair a little nearer, then waited until the music of the orchestra drowned the sound of his voice and there was no danger of its reaching Peter.

"Is it hopeless?" he asked in a low voice.

Tom looked at him a little surprised.

"I believe so," he answered.

"Where or how?" asked Maurice curtly.

Tom mentioned the name of the great specialist.

Maurice remained silent for a few moments thinking rapidly, then once more he leaned towards Tom.

"Listen," he said; "I don't know if there is any chance, but there's a fellow I came across in a provincial town in France—wonderful little chap."

The music ceased suddenly.

"Tell you presently," Maurice said hurriedly.

A RAY OF HOPE.

TOM nodded. He was puzzled at Maurice Halsey's attitude. Why should he of all men interest himself in Peter's condition? He talked with Peter until the music once more began, then he felt a tap on his sleeve.

"I was telling you about this French doctor chap. He's rather big, a little nervously," he might have begun, a little nervously, "he—he's got a wife, too," he looked towards Peter.

"The people around in the country look upon him as a sort of wizard; but don't you see, what wonderful cures; occultist, you know; he's a right eccentric chap, and does all the business out of love for humanity, treats the peasants for nothing, and all that. His opinion might be worth—"

He paused and glanced questioningly at Tom.

"No harm in trying," urged Maurice; "it seems to share a fine chap like-like Lisle should be ruined when there might be just a chance—"

Tom nodded slowly. "What's his name?"

"Poire, Dr. Poire," said Maurice, 39, Rue de Cambon, Tenth—everybody there knows him," he concluded hurriedly, for again the music had stopped.

"I'm off," Then he rose and held out his hand, "Good luck!" said Tom with a smile, "I wish we good luck!"

"Good luck," said Tom warmly, as he shook him by the hand. Then Maurice turned to Peter.

Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.

"Goodbye, Lisle," he said. "I'm off back to the front."

"Good luck," said Peter mechanically. The two men touched hands. The next instant Maurice was gone.

Tom watched him threading his way through the tables; at the door he turned once more and their eyes met.

"Extraordinary," commented Tom, "how that chap's improved." I could hardly have believed it."

"Improved?" Peter showed no interest.

"Yes—like another man," his friend answered. Inwardly he thought, "My god, I almost pity the chap—it's a bit hard on him."

Peter leaped suddenly forward and tapped Tom on the knee.

"Goodbye," he spoke with a slight tremor of irritation in his voice—van and Halsey seem to have a good deal to say to each other—what was it about—eh?"

There was a frown on Peter's forehead as he waited for Tom to speak. While he had been seated there silently, with his head bent forward, apparently oblivious of his surroundings, had seized him—it was intolerable enough that they should have had the bad luck to seat themselves near Halsey, but that Tom should have a confidential conversation with the fellow was beyond all bounds.

"What's he talking about?" he repeated. "When we found him here," he continued, speaking with intense vehemence, "we ought to have moved somewhere else."

"The place is packed," answered Tom with imperturbable good humour. He was accustomed now to these sudden outbursts from Peter. "Art as to us to subject of conversation, well, it was you we were talking about."

The scene on Peter's veranda became suddenly prominent and spread over his face.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Tom told him, repeating everything Maurice had said about the French doctor's reputation. For an instant hope lit up Peter's features, then it faded from his face.

"But," he exclaimed, "there's no hope for me; I don't want any other opinion."

Tom knew that it was best not to argue the point for the moment, and he changed the subject of conversation. Nevertheless the thought of what Maurice had said remained in Peter's mind. He began to question, and with the questioning came a ray of hope.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF A MAN.

THE weeks passed slowly at Morton Grange, and sometimes Eve found the even monotony almost insupportable. The even tenor of her way was never disturbed, save on those days when Mrs. Halsey received a letter from Maurice. And on those days Eve drew down a curtain in her room, her feet bare, Mrs. Halsey invariably read Maurice's letter to herself first, then handed it to Eve, then read it once more, this time aloud to Eve.

Her voice rang with pride, and constantly she would glance up, and observe Eve's features clouded.

It was these moments that the girl found most trying, but she steeled herself to bear the inevitable questioning glance.

Maurice had been promoted and resuming membership of the D.S.O., announced Mrs. Halsey one morning. Her husband was spending a week-end at Morton, where he occasionally allowed himself a short relaxation from work.

"Good lad," commented Mr. Halsey, and then, involuntarily, husband and wife glanced at Eve.

She felt the colour mounting to her cheeks—she knew they expected her to say something, and the mere fact prevented her being natural.

"I am so glad," she faltered.

He especially desires me to tell you that he has been promoted, Eve," continued Mrs. Halsey, glancing over the letter again; "of course, he thinks—he knows how pleased you will be."

"I am very, very glad," repeated Eve awkwardly.

"You won't write him a little note in mine, and tell him so?" begged Mrs. Halsey.

"Why, of course," Eve consented. But the letter took her a very long time. She did not want Maurice's hope of winning her love to be unduly increased, or to give him any false impression. And yet she had no wish to hurt him by writing coldly.

To Maurice, the day on which he received a letter from Eve, enclosed in his mother's, was a long—long day. He could hardly bear the letter had done so, for they had agreed not to write, and he read the few lines eagerly, and a smile came to his eyes. After all, he thought, she must have been just a little bit pleased or she would not have written.

He carried that letter about in the breast pocket of his tunic, and often his fingers touched it—it was one of his most treasured possessions—that and a photograph of Eve which he carried in a small leather case. His determination to win his wife's love by some deed of daring never faltered—it had become as an article of faith to him. It was strange how this man, a careless, pleasure lover, had become entirely transformed—he had undergone a complete metamorphosis.

The Maurice of long ago hardly existed, except in outline and appearance, and even here the difference was remarkable. His eyes, which had always been rather shifty and evasive of gaze, looked all the world frankly in the eyes now. His manner, too, had altered, and most of all the man's soul.

I live for humanity, a chivalry, honour and

courtesy had been engendered in him. He no longer lived for self alone—he realized that there were, besides himself, other human beings in the world who bore their joys and burdens as he did his.

The men of his company, who had formerly despised him, now voted him a good fellow, his superior officers thought well of him. The good opinion of his superiors, his wife, and Maurice felt himself inclined to live up to the good opinion his comrades had of him.

He felt that in all these things he was making reparation to Eve—his thoughts constantly were with her, everything he accomplished was for her. Again and again he dreamed of a time when she would one day come to him, lay her hands in his, and tell him that love for him had been born in her heart.

"Grant, ring Mr. Gratton up, and ask him if he can manage this evening."

"Very good, sir."

The servant gave a glance round to see that everything he required was within Peter's reach; then went into the hall and took up the receiver.

Peter was beginning very slowly to adjust his habits and his thoughts to his new circumstances. He still sat for long periods brooding, but later he had begun to try and improve himself, to make himself a better man in life. He made Grant, who was more than willing, read the newspaper to him each morning, and he talked of employing a companion secretary who could take down his letters, read to him and go about with him.

Tom found him, not as usual, seated in his chair brooding, but pacing the floor with something like his old briskness. It gave Tom something like a shock to see him—it was almost impossible to believe for one instant that this man with the slow, heavy face could see nothing.

"Is that you, old chap?" Peter said, eagerly extending his hand.

Tom clasped it warmly.

"You look better," he said, "and—"

Peter interrupted him.

"That's because I've made up my mind about something, Tom. You remember that queer chap Maurice Halsey was telling us about."

"Well, I'm going to make a beeline for him."

By JUNE EOLAND.

"Ah, that's good." Tom gave a sign of relief. "Tell him I'll be round about nine."

"He'll expect you to dinner, sir," said Tom questioningly.

"I don't think I can manage that, Tom. Tell Mr. Lisle not to wait."

Tom hung up the receiver with an expression of satisfaction. Peter's affliction and Peter's state of mind constantly occupied him. He was that rare thing, a real friend. He would have gone any length to do something for Peter. He had always admired him, always thought a great deal of his possessiveness. Peter, brilliant Peter's friend.

A hundred times, too, Tom wished that it had been he who had been stricken with blindness, he whose comparative usefulness in the world was as nothing compared to that of Peter. Peter, friend like Tom is a rare possession, and perhaps Peter, fond of Tom as he was, hardly understood how he depended on him; but he rarely did.

Peter rarely touched his hair, which Grant served in his own room. It was waiting and patiently for Tom. He had the table cleared and a tray and some glasses and whisky and soda so it ready long before nine o'clock.

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"Well, I'm going to make a beeline for him."

Don't miss Monday's instalment.

PERSONAL.

WILL anyone who knows of an Officer, Non-Commissioned Officer, or Private Soldier who has been blinded or physically deprived of sight in the war, and who is fit to be granted a pension, apply to the War Office, 1, Whitehall Place, S.W. 1, Arthur Pearson, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 1.

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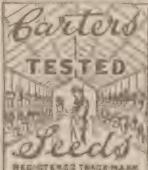
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The Daily Mirror Women War Workers' Beauty Competition is to remain open until January 31. Intending competitors should not, however, wait until the last moment to enter.



IN LIBERATED BRUSSELS.—General Degoutte, with the French Ambassador to Belgium, watch the march of French troops through Brussels on their way to occupy German territory. The march was made the occasion of a great demonstration.—(French official.)



MASCOT PROBLEM.—Two years ago the 100th Canadian Rifles deposited their two black bear mascots in the Dublin Zoo! They now claim them to take back to Canada, but the two playful cubs have grown into adults, and it will not be easy to handle them.

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FOOTBALL MATCHES TO THRILL SPECTATORS.Brentford and Chelsea Opposed—
Everton at Oldham.**FOREST ENTERTAIN FOSSE.**

After the extraordinary experiences of last week, when only five of the sixteen matches under the auspices of the English League could be played owing to snow, there will be additional interest in the North and Midlands over the results of to-day's games.

In London, although it was a raw, misty afternoon, we did manage to get through the games arranged by the London Combination, and perhaps no more interesting series have been contested this season. And to-day the promise is excellent for some more capital contests.

Brentford, the leaders, who had such a thrilling contest with the Spurs at Homerton, will now be hosts to Chelsea, whose galaxy of stars achieved such a smashing victory over Fulham despite the most famous players in their ranks. Chelsea will not have the services of their captain, Woodman, who made such a wonderful difference to the Chelsea attack last week. He has already returned to France.

Wednesday is the third meeting of the clubs this season, both the other Combination matches having been drawn, so that especial interest will attach to the game. The Brentford-Lancaster, and particularly Hendon, are so good that they may upset any defense, but if Chelsea play like they did last week against Fulham they will win.

HAMMERS v. 'SPURS.'

West Ham ran up the huge score of seven goals to 0 against Clapton Orient last Saturday, but they are hardly likely to repeat the performance this afternoon against the Spur. Tottenham will be the first match on the Bolton Castle ground, but the Hammers won on the 'Spurs' ground, so that the match is a very open one, and with both sides in good form the advantage of playing at home may yet tell.

Fulham and Arsenal usually provide a close game. In earlier matches this season Fulham won at High-bury and the Arsenal at Craven Cottage, so this afternoon's meeting is open, although I expect it will not be quite so stirring as last week when McCracken (Newcastle United), W. Smith (Manchester City), R. McNeal (Aston), D. Shea (Rovers) and Elliott (Middlesbrough) played for them, but still I fancy their chances.

Millwall have been very erratic of late, and suffered a heavy defeat from the Arsenal last week but in meeting Crystal Palace at the Den they will be further from the relegation place against them, for I understand that the R.N.D.s have been transferred from the Palace and are not available.

Anyhow, I expect Millwall to capture the points.

Southend Rangers, who were beaten and beat the Palace two weeks ago to Homerton to play the Orient to-day, and I am afraid that the Orient are in for another beating. The Clapton executive have been unlucky in their team-building experiments, till now this season, and even the Rangers would not grudge them a victory if the surprise should happen.

EVERTON'S SIXTY-NINE GOALS.

In the League Everton have a five points lead over Liverpool, but owing to the vagaries of last week's weather have played one more match than the Anfield men. They have nothing to fear from the vice-crown carrier of the Goodison Park brigade, who have already scored 60 goals to 13 this season, and I fancy they will retain their relative lead on the League table by winning at Old Trafford.

Stockport County are playing a great game just now, and on their own form should beat the City. Hyde road out to be good enough for Rochdale, although the City have been in poor form of late.

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The two top clubs in the Midland section are not likely to meet with disaster. Nottingham Forest, the leaders, have a home match with Leicester on Saturday, and have been in excellent form in the early days of the season, and have frequently done what was not expected. Most certainly I do not anticipate their success at Nottingham.

BIRMINGHAM CREEPING UP.

Birmingham are creeping up to the leaders. They are a point behind on the table, but have played an extra game. They entertain Notts County, one of the best teams in the country, at Villa Park on Saturday, but I do not think the County will do the Foresters a good turn by putting a spoke in the wheel of Birmingham, recently one of the most consistent clubs in the case of the Birmingham City, who include right Mercer, covered himself last week by scoring six goals against Sheffield United. Bradford have won their last four matches and preface suggests that it will be a close thing, for both matches on the ground between the clubs were drawn last season. History may repeat itself, and Bradford will do well.

Sheffield United have been doing badly, but should get a welcome couple of points from the visit of Grimsby Town to Bradford. Leeds City ought to beat Barnsley, but Lincoln may be beaten by Sheffield United. The last game of the season is at home. The fact that Rotherham County will be playing before their supporters may not enable them to beat Huddersfield. It should be a good game at Bramall Lane, where Sheffield United entertain Grimsby, and the chances are slightly in favour of the Blades.

The Northern "Victory" League, which includes such famous clubs as Newcastle United, Sunderland, Middlesbrough, and eight others, is in full swing to-day, and there should be rare enthusiasm in the far north-east at the resumption of first-class football, the travelling difficulties have kept the clubs out of League for the last few weeks.

Among Rugby games the best are the meeting of Leicester and the New Zealanders, in a match postponed from last week owing to snow. At Richmond the best match of the week is the Schools' rugby series, for which Mr. Podmore has done so much good work in arranging matches practically every day in the week since Christmas, will be played between the Schools and a Schools Services fifteen, P. J. MOSS.

A RACING SCARE.Short Entries for Spring Handicaps
Puts the "Wind Up."**WEATHERBY'S RETICENCE.**

On Tuesday last entries for many of the principal handicaps of the spring closed. Such popular events as the Lincolnshire Handicap, the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap, the City and Suburban, the Great Metropolitan and the Liverpool Spring Cup were amongst the events concerned, and, naturally, the public awaited with considerable interest the publication of the names of horses engaged.

But, alas, the official "Calendar" appeared without the list of entries, without any intimation of the reason for their non-appearance. Naturally this caused surprise, and surprise was succeeded by anxiety when, in answer to scores of inquiries, the racing master officer simply declined point-blank to say anything or inform.

Messrs. Weatherby and their staff are great sticklers for the old order of things, but their reticence use a mild word, gave rise to the wildest of rumours.

Indeed, on Thursday night a certain amount of credence was given to statements that all flat race fixtures would be cancelled as the Government had issued a general order of hostilities. More sober-minded men, mindful of the manner in which retrospective legislation had caused the cutting down of racing establishments all over the country, and aware of the difficulty that the extension of the old breeding forage, took a calmer view of the situation.

RACES DID NOT FILL.

They contemplated the possibility that in many cases the number of entries stipulated for had not been received, and that the racing in the process known of late as "getting the wind up."

And cold, hard fact has justified their attitude, for yesterday Messrs. Weatherby let it be known that the anticipated entries did not appear, and that the number of entries on the "Race Day" was the reason that in many cases the number of entries stipulated for had not been obtained, and that the question of rescheduling must necessarily stand over for the consideration of the racing master officer. The ordinary man will find it difficult to understand why that announcement was not made in the "Calendar."

The whole matter proves how near of killing racing, and with it the industry of horse-breeding, the short-sighted policy adopted towards the sport during the war attained.

BOUVIERE.**LONDON "VICTORY" CUP.**

At the meeting of the management committee of the London Combination yesterday evening the secretary reported that the total sum of gate percentages amounted to over £498 this season.

It was decided that the first round of the Victory Cup competition should be played on Friday, Jan. 18, the draw being:

Chelsea v. Queen's Park Rangers, Brentford v. Crystal Palace, Fulham v. Hotspur [sic] & West Ham United, Arsenal v. F. & B.

Complaints having been made of gaming on the various grounds of the chief Committee of the service approached and he has given orders to give the cipher尽可能的 assistance in their efforts to put a stop to the practice.

SCHOOLBOYS SCORE 9 GOALS.

At the Queen's Club, in a match between boys under sixteen, playing thirteen a side, the Public Schools beat London University, the former winning 9-7. The scores by the winners no fewer than seven were registered by C. A. Winter (Repton), J. Lottinga (St. Paul's) obtaining the other two.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.**THE LEAGUE—LANCASHIRE SECTION.**

Blackburn R. v. Bolton Wan., Manchester C. v. Rochdale, Blackpool v. Stoke, Oldham v. Everton, Port Vale v. Preston N.E., Stockport Co. v. St. March' ton U.

MIDLAND SECTION.

Birmingham v. Notts Co., Notts Co. v. Gainsborough T., Loughborough v. Derby Co., L. & C. v. Bradford, Leeds C. v. Barnsley.

LONDON COMBINATION.

Brentford v. Q. P. R., Crystal Palace, Fulham v. Arsenal, Clapton Y. Q. P. Rangers.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Airdrieonians v. Partick Thistle, Kilmarnock v. Glasgow R., Greenock M.-v. Motherwell, Partick T. v. Ay United, Queen's Park v. Clyde.

W. IRELAND V. HIBERNIAN.

Hamilton Academical v. W. I. Hibernian, Hearts v. Hibernians.

NORTHERN VICTORY LEAGUE.

Newcastle U.v. Hartlepool U., Middlesbrough v. Scotland, Darlington v. Hartlepool U., Darlington v. Boro.

UNITED SENIOR LEAGUE—CATFORD SOUTHEND.

Hampstead Town, Dartacq v. G. W. Railway, Southall v. Barnet Alston, Tufnell Park v. Wimbledon.

IRISHMAN LEAGUE—DUBLIN HAMLET v. LYTTONSTONE.

Northumbrian, Dublin, Hamlet v. Lyttonstone.

RUGBY RULES.—Leicester v. New Zealand, Newport: P.M. Harris v. T. C. Graham's XV., Grove Park: R.A.S.C. v. New Zealand, B.M.C. v. R.N.D., Devonport v. B.R.E., Australian Headquarters, Richmond: Public Schools v. Public School Services, Winchmore Hill, R.A.C. v. R.A.F., R.A.C. v. R.A.F. (Lee-on-Solent), Portsmouth: United Services v. R.A.F. (Lee-on-Solent); Newport: Newport v. Australians; Honor Oak: Chelmsford: Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Thomas' Hospital v. Canadians; Boston Manor: Wasps Services v. N.P. Laboratory: Woolwich: R.M.A. v. M.T.
THE WORLD OF SPORT.

BATTING AT THE STAR.—There will be an interesting twenty rounds bout at Blackfriars tonight, the combatants being Frank Moody, Tylderslow, and Air Mechanic Jim Watts, of Charlton.

Middlesex Officer Cricketers.—Major R. H. Twining, Captain H. N. Haig, Captain H. H. Anson, Lieutenant E. L. Kidd are among the military elements who will be available for Middlesex cricket next summer.

Break at Stevenston.—In his match with Falkiner at Leiston-square, Stevenson yesterday made a break of 752. Closing scores—Stevenson, 6,666; Falkiner, 1,750; S. 2,000. In the meantime, Mr. C. Cronen, 1,000, beat H. B. Cartwright, 885, by 115 points.

Gloucestershire Cricket.—At a meeting of the Gloucestershire Cricket Club, Bristol yesterday, it was stated that the ground had been sold to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, who will allow five county catches to be played on the site. Mr. G. L. Jessop is ill, Mr. Sewell in Italy and George Dennett in India.

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Daily Mirror

Saturday, January 11, 1919.

LORD MICHELHAM'S BRIDE.



A charming snapshot of the new Lady Michelham, who, it will be remembered, received a wedding gift of one million pounds. —(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)



AMATEUR BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP.—Mr. S. S. Christey, three times champion, and Mr. A. Graham (Mons Star), who defeated him in the fourth heat.

COLOURS GOING TO GERMANY.



Colonel J. Haig, a cousin of Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, with the colours of the Westminster Dragoons, which are being taken to Germany. They had been in safe keeping at Westminster during the war.

TWO HEROES.



Mr. Arthur Lampill, a Wolverton pianist, who, though suffering great pain from a broken leg, played to the end of a programme at a soldier's club. He was taken to a split end die in *Wolverton Pianos*. —(*Daily Mirror* exclusive.)



Major A. C. Vidal, R.A.M.C., D.S.O., one of the heroic doctors specially mentioned for devotion to duty and valuable services when typhus raged at the notorious Wittenberg Camp amid circumstances of the uttermost horror.



LOST HER DOG.—Miss Greta Fayne, with the pet she lost at Russell-square Tube Station on December 31.



THE WOMAN GOD FORGOT.—Montezuma's daughter in the new film dealing with the Conquest of Mexico.



AT AMERONGEN.—Flooded private road in the rear of the castle. The ex-Kaiser was in the habit of using it as a promenade.



COURSES AT ALDINGBOURNE.—Miss Fear, who assists in training hounds, at the meeting held by the Sussex County Coursing Club.